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BOBBY BUMPKIN

GEORGE REITER BRILL



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“MY!” SAID TEDDY, “IS THAT SO?”

LITTLE BOBBY BUMPKIN

AND OTHER JUVENILE VERSE

BY
GEORGE REITER BRILL
AUTHOR OF "ANDY AND THE IGNORAMUS"

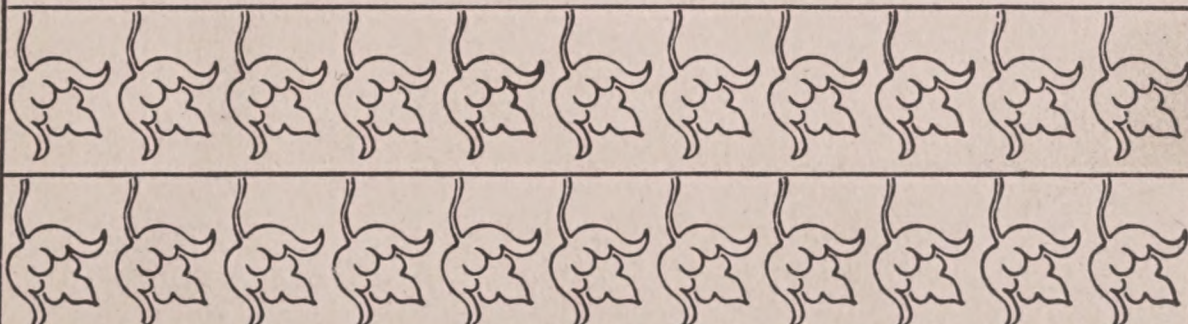
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BY

ANTHONY J. DREXEL BIDDLE

WASH DC
SEP 26 1902

a.s.g. Sept. 26 '02
Oct. 1913

TO
MY LITTLE FRIENDS
ROEY AND WAINWRIGHT,
I RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATE
THIS VOLUME

Through the courtesy of Wm. R. Miller, President of the International Syndicate, the Phelps Publishing Company, and the Edgewood Publishing Company, I feel grateful for the permission to reprint some of these little poems.

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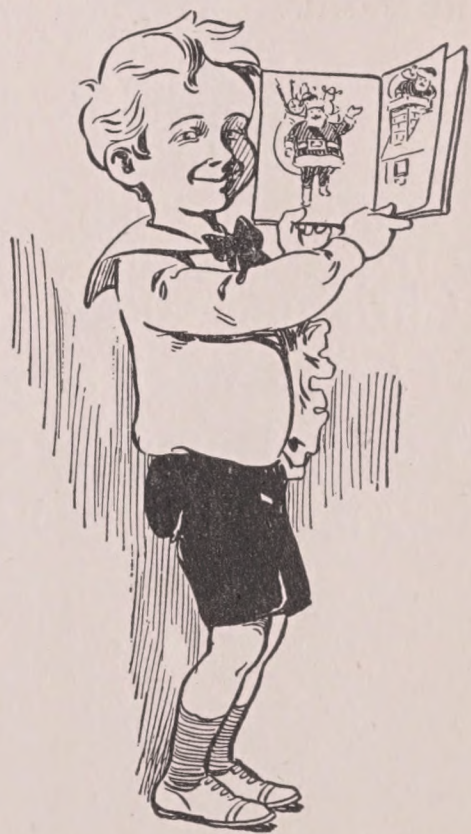
BOBBY BUMPKIN AND SANTA CLAUS

Little Bobby Bumpkin
Wouldn't mind his Ma ;
Thought his school and everything
Worst he ever saw.

Had no faith in Santa Claus,
Said he was a fake
If he couldn't come around
When a boy's awake.

Never was a chimney
Half so big and red
As those you see in picture
books,
Bobby often said.

Surely, Bobby Bumpkin
Must have quite forgot
All about past Christmas days
And the toys they brought.





Christmas coming slowly,
Just a week ahead ;
Bobby Bumpkin quite ignored
All the things he said.

Now he dreamed of engines,
Tool chests, skates, a sled ;
Suddenly old Santa Claus
Stood before his bed.

“Gracious me!” said Bobby,
Rubbing both his eyes,
“Dear, good Mister Santa Claus,
This is a surprise!”

“Dear, good Mister Santa Claus”
Didn’t frown or stare,
Just turned down the coverlet,
Spanked him then and there.

Early Christmas morning
Bobby wrote a letter,
Thanking dear old Santa Claus
And promised to be better.



**BOBBY BUMPKIN
AND GEORGE WASHINGTON**

Little Bobby Bumpkin
Wouldn't mind, they say,
Told his Ma a whopper
One February day.



Naughty Bobby Bumpkin
Should have known, forsooth,
All about the month in which
We celebrate the truth.

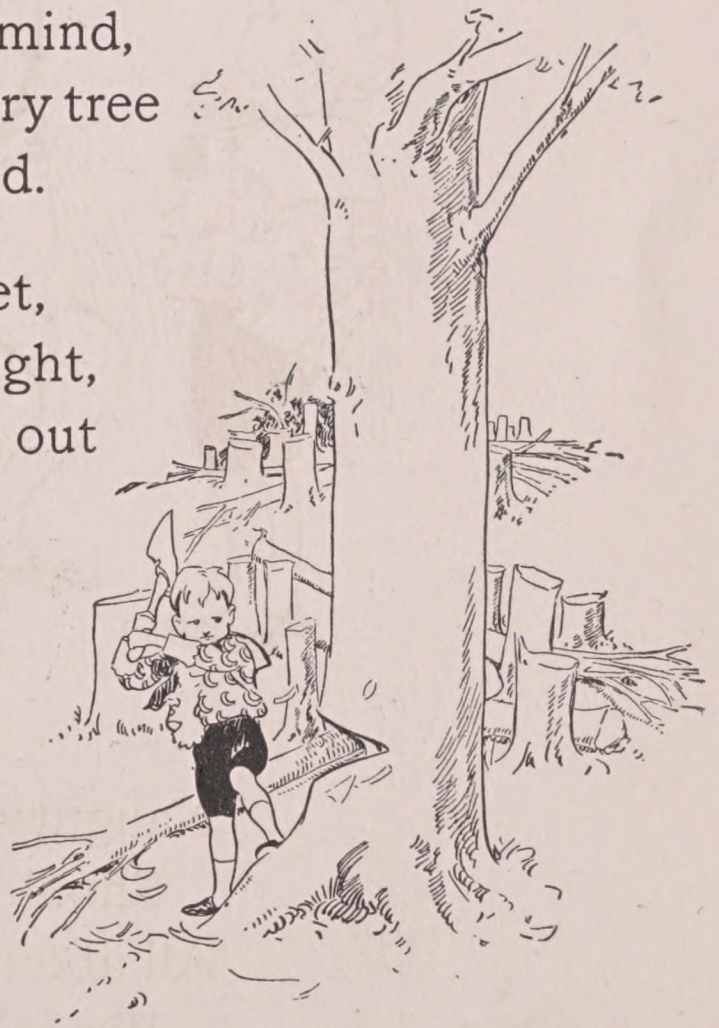
But, on the twenty-second,
His father told with pride
About the good George Washington,
The boy who never lied.

Of little Georgie Washington,
Who chopped the cherry tree,
Then said, "I cannot tell a lie;
O, daddy, it was me!"

This made a deep impression
On Bobby Bumpkin's mind,
Who, now, to chop a cherry tree
Was very much inclined.

So getting out the hatchet,
Sharpened well and bright,
Bobby Bumpkin started out
To chop all trees in sight.

Chopping, chopping,
chopping,
Goodness, it was fun!
Every tree around the
house,
Nearly twenty-one.

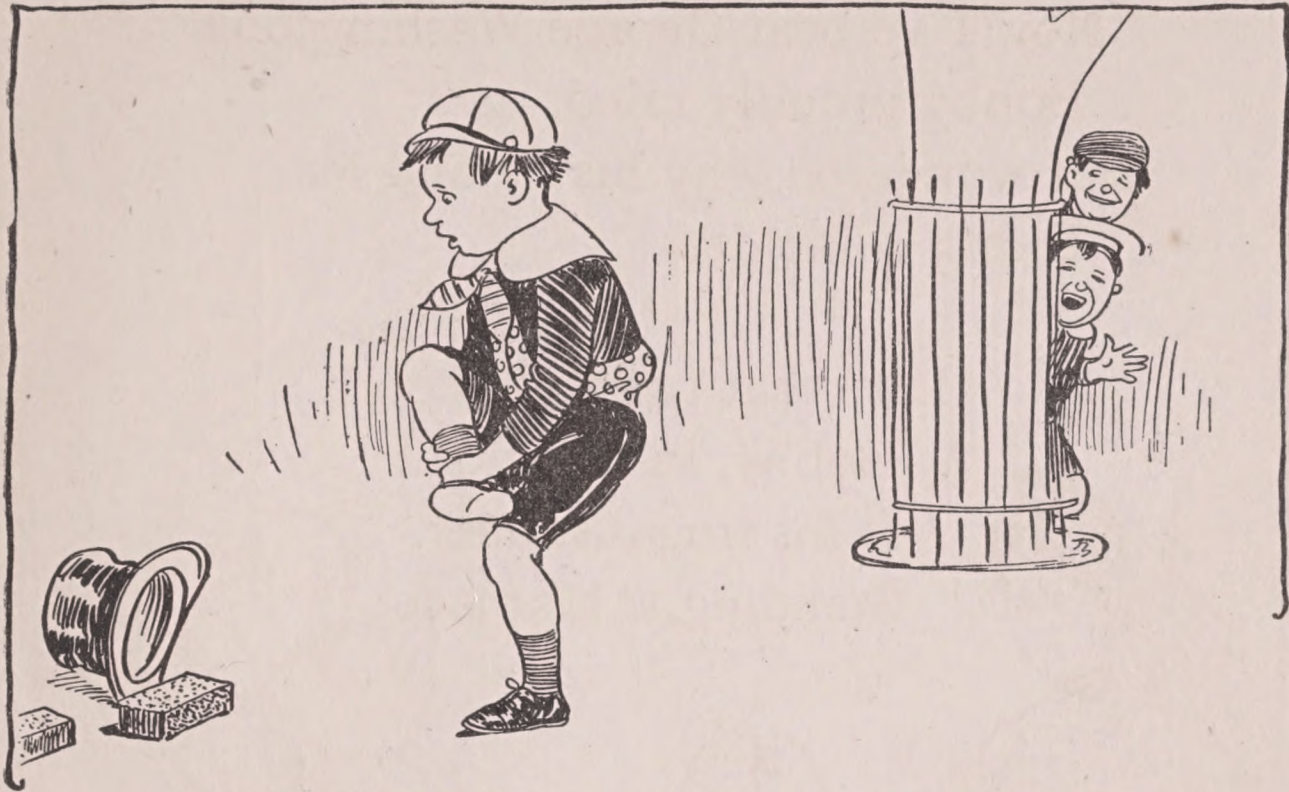


“Now I’ve beat George Washington!”

Bobby proudly cried,
But wondered why his Pa and Ma
Didn’t coincide.

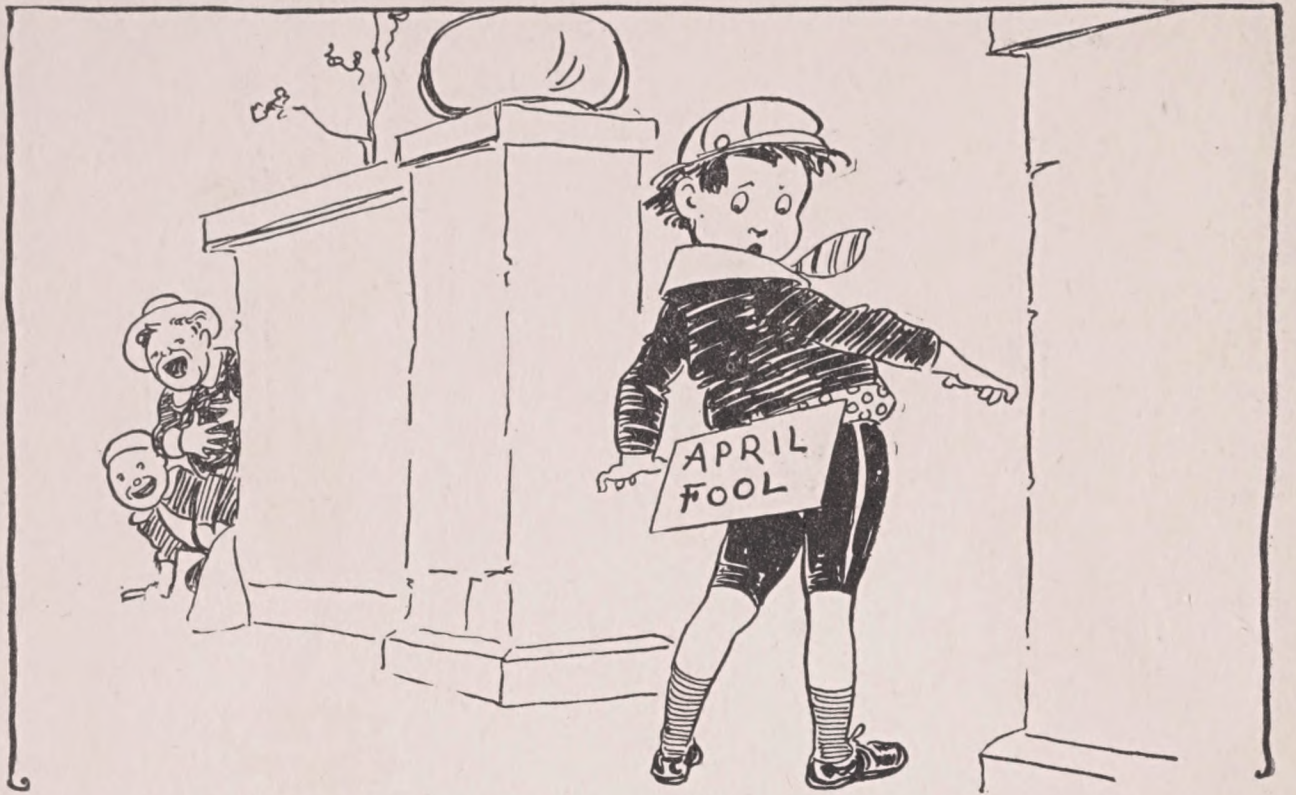
Late that twenty-second,
Bobby, in disgrace,
Ate his frugal supper
Standing, at his place.





BOBBY BUMPKIN AND "APRIL FOOL"

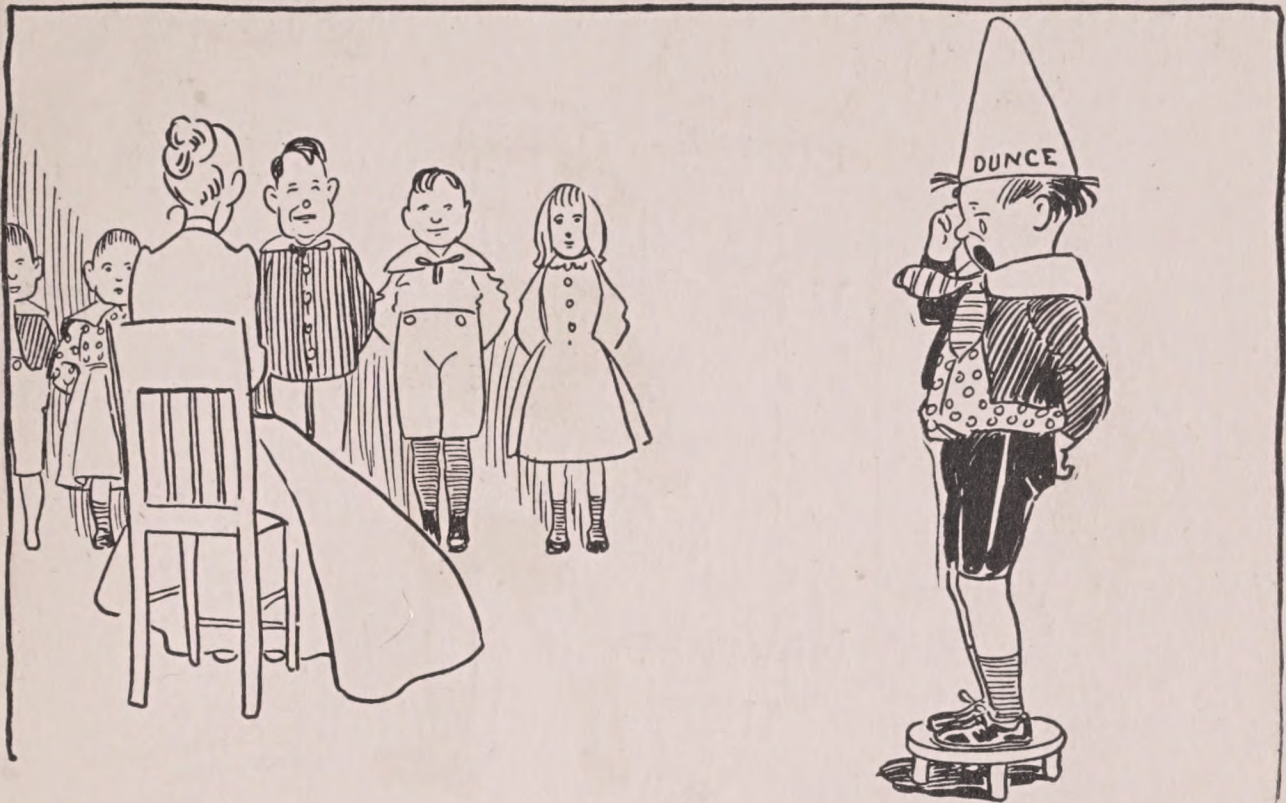
Little Bobby Bumpkin
'Rose on April First,
Almost choked with laughter,
Till his sides near burst.
"Gee!" said Bobby Bumpkin,
"This is April Fool;
How I pity teacher
Up there at the school."
Bobby fairly scampered,
Scarcely ate a bite,
Didn't make his toilet,
Threw things left and right.



Clean forgot his lessons
Thinking of the fun
He would have with others
Ere the day was done.

Bobby, absent minded,
Thinking up some tricks,
Kicked a hat containing
Two enormous bricks.

Having reached the schoolhouse,
Bobby was dismayed
To find, upon his coat-tail,
"April Fool" displayed.



Bobby, somewhat sobered,
Went and took his place ;
When teacher said, quite sternly,
“Bobby, wash your face.

“That gives you two demerits ;
Spell ‘Sebastopol.’ ”
Bobby missed, then shuffled
To the Dunce’s stool.

Home, that April evening,
Bobby Bumpkin went,
Feeling like an April Fool
To the full extent.

BOBBY BUMPKIN AND THE WOW WOW

Little Bobby Bumpkin
Wouldn't comb his hair;
If his face was dirty,
Bobby didn't care.



Couldn't teach him manners,
Couldn't make him mind;
Never studied lessons,
Always got behind.

Very late one morning,
As he lounged to school,
Bobby met a Wow Wow
Sitting near a pool.

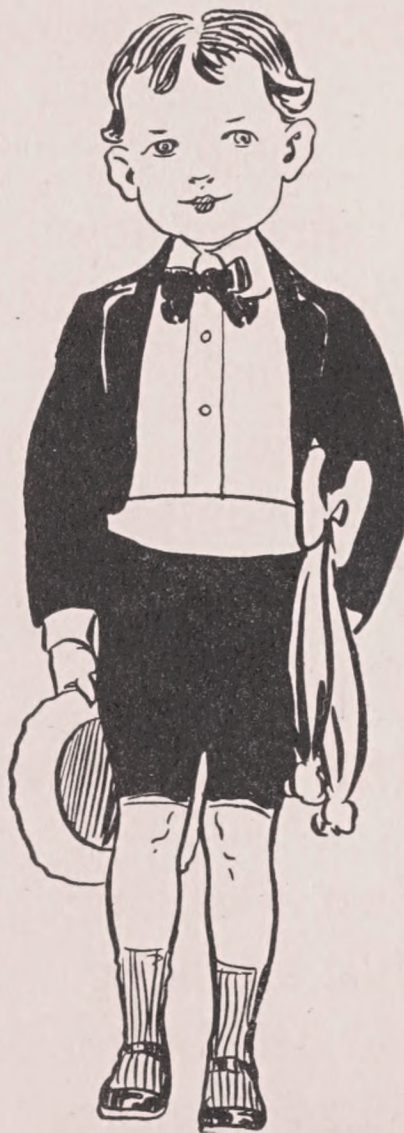
“Ho, ho!” said the Wow Wow,
“You're the naughty boy—
Wasting all the teachings
That you should enjoy.”

Suddenly the Wow Wow,
Jumping from his place,
Jounced him in the water,
Just to wash his face.

Then he used his talons
On poor Bobby's hair ;
Made him mind his manners,
Spanked him then and there.



Now our little Bobby's
The nicest boy around;
When you mention Wow Wow,
Bobby can't be found.



THE PIDDY-DINKS

I know a queer creek,
Where the Piddy-dinks seek
 Their little round holes in the mud:
Where the Flip-floppers flip
And the Skip-skoppers skip
 And the mooley cows munch at their cud.

If you had a red scow,
You could be there by now
 And sit in the shade of the trees
For an hour and a half,
To giggle and laugh
 When the Piddy-dinks whistle and wheeze.



THE BEGINNING

Just a-walking,
Just a-talking,
 Little butter ball;
Just a yearning
To be learning
 Anything at all.



Just a-peeping
Through the sleeping
Months of infancy;
Into wonder,
Into yonder,
Life's infinitude.

Just a-waking,
Just a-taking
Everything for truth;
Never dreaming
Of the teeming
Fallacies of youth.

Just a-walking,
Just a-talking,
Little butter ball;
Just a-yearning
To be learning
Anything at all.



CARELESS JENNIE

Careless Jennie, here she stands.
See her folded, idle hands ;

See her petticoat in tatters,
Which to Jennie never matters.

See her stockings hanging down,
All the buttons off her gown ;

Careless Jennie ought to know
Better than to wear them so.

Now it happened, one cold day,
Careless Jennie went away ;

But her clothes were all so holey,
That the wind went roley-poley

Through each separate rent and rip,
Till she felt its icy nip.

Careless Jennie couldn't walk,
Couldn't hear or couldn't talk ;

So she froze, and froze, and froze,
From her head down to her toes.

Nothing left of her, I'm told,
But a snowball, round and cold.

Careful girls that mend their clothes
Never freeze like Jennie froze.

EVELINA CROSSPATCH



Evelina Simpkins was her
really, truly name,
But Evelina Crosspatch it
very soon became

She frowned from night till morning,
And from morning until night ;
She was constantly in trouble
And ready for a fight.
First she slapped her little brother,
Then she kicked and scratched her nurse ;
Then she tried to bite her mother,
Which was infinitely worse.

Instead of growing better,
As she really ought to do,
When boys and girls made fun of her
She cross and crosser grew ;
So Evelina Crosspatch could never go to play,
But what the boys and girls and cats
And dogs would run away.
So listen, now, what happened
When she her temper lost—
She woke one summer morning
And found her eyes were crossed.

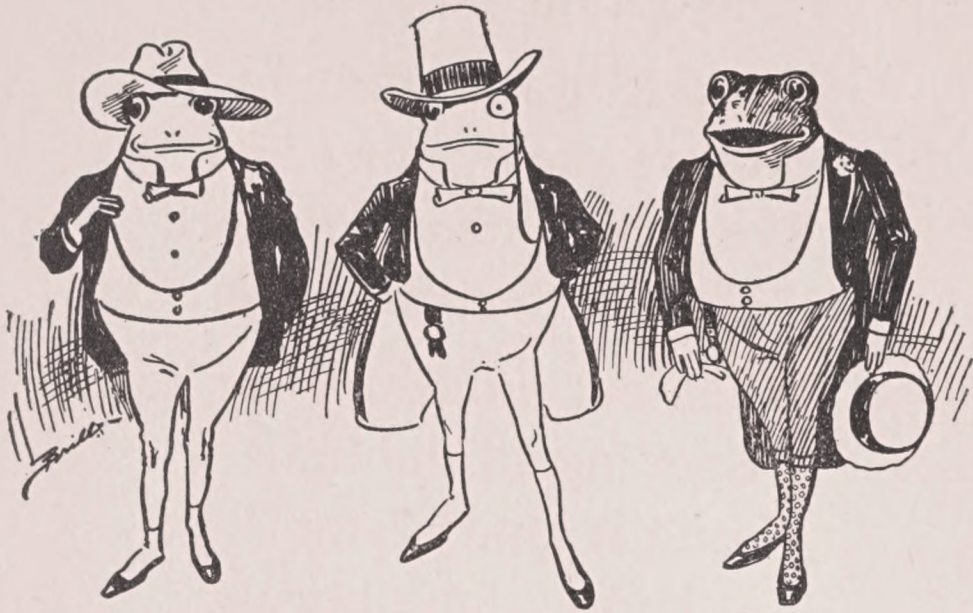


TWO JOURNEYS

How do we go to Peek-a-boo land?
Where the doll babies grow in the silvery strand.
Just a gurgle and crow and a clap of the hand,
That is the way to Peek-a-boo land.

How do we go to Bug-a-boo land?
Where the rhubarb and cod-liver oil bottles stand.
With a yelp and a howl like a cannibal band,
That is the way to Bug-a-boo land.

THE HOP-TOAD HOP



Three little hop-toads
Gave an evening party ;
Every one that came to it
Was happy, well, and hearty.

Five spotted tree-frogs
Were hired to play till dawn,
While twenty thousand lightning bugs
Lighted up the lawn.

Grasshoppers, tadpoles,
Katydid, and crickets
Came from distant meadows and
From underbrush and thickets.

Ground moles and field mice,
Fluffy, soft, and furry,

Had their long-tailed jackets on
To join the hurry-scurry.

Moonlight and starlight
Made the evening fine;
Everything was going well
Till quarter after nine,

When out jumped a tom-cat,
Spoiling all the fun.

Wasn't it a pity? for
It hadn't quite begun.



WHERE BABY WAS

Where is the baby? Nobody knows.
Look in the plot where the hollyhock grows;
Out in the garden, under the rose,
Or possibly down where the Pine Creek flows.
Peer in the shade of the blackthorn tree,
Skirmish the sunlit meadow, where she
Was wont to toddle in babbling glee
To the song of the birds and the buzz of the bee.

Where is the baby? Nobody knows.
We've tried every spot that one could propose
Except in the nursery; and there in repose
Slept baby, with dolly, in a pile of old clothes.



A RETROSPECT

Hear the frogs a-croakin',
Katydids a-hummin',
Hear the tinkle, tinkle,
Lowin' herds a comin';



Watch busy bumble-bees
In the mullen quiver.

Wish I was a boy again
Down along the river.

On the bank a-sittin',
Fishin' and a-smokin',
Fightin' pesky hornets,
Woodchuck holes a-pokin',
Eatin' stolen moshey pie,
Gettin' torpid liver.

Wish I was a boy
again
Down along the river.

Hear my mother callin',
Cattle need a-milkin',
Hidin' in the hay loft,
Other chores a-bilkin'.
See my dad a-comin',
Used to beg and shiver.

Glad I ain't a boy again
Down along the river.



THE RINKY-DINKY-SO-RUS

A Rinky-dinky-so-rus
Sat him by a purling brook ;
The Rinky-dinky-so-rus
Read a mighty funny book.

The Rinky-dinky-so-rus
Rocked his body to and fro ;
I'm sure the book was funny,
For the beast enjoyed it so.

Now Rinky-dinky-so-rus,
Reading such a funny book,
Was very, awful foolish
Thus to sit beside the brook.

For Rinky-dinky-so-rus,
In a sudden fit of glee,
Fell in the purling brooklet,
Which *drowned* him, you see.

THE SINGING LESSON

Hi, ho! Spring time,
Teach my babe to sing
Songs of yellow crocus blooms
And red-breasts on the wing.

Hi, ho! Summer time,
Sing my babe a song
Of golden grain, of sun, of rain,
When grass is green and long.

Hoo, woo! Winter time,
Hum my babe a tune
Of sleet and snow and angry blow,
With white frost on the dune.



BABY

Oh, what do I see in my baby's eyes?
The great blue seas, or the vaster skies,
Or is it a glimpse into Paradise?

My own, my all!

Ah! what do I hear from my baby's lips
That echoes the crystalline water drips,
And rivals the sweetness of honey sips?

My dear, my doll!

It must be a peep at another sphere;
It must be the song, soft rippling, clear,
Of the things elsewhere, of the things not here.

My rose, my dove!

Oh, tell us the mystery · who you are,
From whence you came, how near, how far,
And which thy God, and which thy star?

My life, my love!



DUCKY

Once I had a little duck,
“Quack, quack, quack.”
Yellow fuzz and feathers stuck
Out straight; and some were black.

Such a tiny, fluffy ball,
“Quack, quack, quack.”
Couldn't pen him in at all,
He crept through any crack.

Ducky's Ma was our old hen,
“Quack, quack, quack.”
Kept her busy, now and then,
To follow Ducky's track.

Every time he went to swim,
“Quack, quack, quack.”
She thought it was the last of him
And fussed till he came back.



UNCLE JACK

You ain't dot no Uncle Jack :
I dot one; he brings me back
Most the purtiest fings I got ;
See the sailor-man he bought ?
W'en I put him in the wind
Bof his arms des spinned and spinned.
Don't you wish you had one, too,
'At yore Uncle bringed to you ?

You ain't dot no Uncle Jack
'At carries *you* 'round piggy-back
Th'ough the best rooms till yore Ma
Says she's sure she never saw

Sech a fool as Uncle is.
Don't you wish 'at you was his
Nephew, gettin' presents, too,
While he 's scolded 'stead of you?

Oncet my Uncle made a boat
'At I used to float and float
In our baf-tub, till one day
I got whoopin' cough, an' they
Chopped it up for kindlin' wood.
Uncle said they never should
Chop up boats lik't 'at wifout
Cause, and Ma, she said, git out.



THE KICK-A-DOO

Once I saw a Kick-a-doo
Going up the avenue,
Skimming 'long on roller skates.
'Round his neck were strings of plates:
Both his legs were thin as stilts,
Clothes were made of crazy quilts:
Hair was long and red and dry,
Hat was just a pumpkin pie.
Don't you wish it had been you
Who had seen the Kick-a-doo?



THE SCOFFER

They ain't sech a thing
As a Bug-a-boo man,
Who hides in the dark
To ketch, if he can,
The bad 'ittle boys
Who won't mind their Ma.
It's all fal-de-ra!

Oncet I was naughty
An' cross as two sticks;
So Ma shet me up
In the dark until six

O'clock in the night,
An' he didn't come nigh.
It's all in your eye!

The Bug-a-boo man,
An' the goblins an' witches,
The giants and ogres,
With pinchers and switches,
Is only made up
Jes' to skeer you, you see ;
But they never skeer me.



LITTLE BOY WITH A SLING

High on the limb of a sycamore tree
A little Tom Tit sang, happy and free,
Twit, twit, twit, a quaint little song
But not very long.

Twit, twit, twit. Then suddenly stopped
And quick as a wink from the limb he dropped,
Stopped short off in the midst of his ditty.

Oh, what a pity!

Never did harm to a soul I know ;
It grieved me sadly to see him go,
Who caused the death of the poor little thing ?
Boy with a sling.

BUZZ BUZZ

A Buzz Buzz sat on a Fizzy Fizz tree
And he ruffled his fluff with pride :
“I like little children extremely,” said he,
“For breakfast, or dinner, and sometimes for tea,
With raspberry jam on the side.
I’m a very odd bird,
But I always preferred
My raspberry jam on the side.”

Then the Buzz Buzz flew to the very North Pole,
Then he flew to the very South Sea:
And the funniest thing in the world that he saw
Was a Snickle Fritz take a warm bath in cold slaw,
On the island of queer Feejee.
“I’m a very odd bird,
But I know it occurred
On the island of queer Feejee.”



THE LOOKING-GLASS BABY

The looking-glass baby is happy, I’m sure,
’Way back in his looking-glass land.
There is always a smile on his chubby round face—
At least when there’s candy at hand.

That looking-glass baby's the picture of ours,
With his sparkling eyes, laughing and blue;
And he kicks up his feet in the cunningest way,
Then he shakes his gold ringlets at you.

Such a snub of a nose, two little pink ears,
With never a bib that's clean;
Two Cupid-bow lips quite smeared with jam,
And a frock hardly fit to be seen.

The looking-glass baby may cry sometimes,
But never a sound or word.

The looking-glass baby can always be seen,
Though never, oh, never, is heard.



GOOD SHIP SLUMBERLEE

Come and take a sail with me
In my vessel "Slumberlee,"
O'er the foaming counterpane
Splashing in and out again.
Over bolster reefs she slips,
Under waves of blanket dips;
See the pillows rise on high,
Ready to engulf us; spry
Slumberlee sails on and on,
Till we anchor safe at dawn.



THE RAGDOLPHIN

Have you seen the Ragdolphin
Jump out of the sea?
Never saw a Ragdolphin?
Good gracious, dear me!

She's the queerest, unfishiest thing that could be,
And this is the song that she sings, sings she:

O, wiggle me, waggle me, wee, wee, wee,
O, jiggle me, joggle me, gee.

You will find the Ragdolphin
Quite close to the shore,
In a little rock cottage
With sand for the floor;

And seaweed, for curtains, hung up at the door.

And this is the song that she sings, sings she :

O, wiggle me, waggle me, wee, wee, wee,

O, jiggle me, joggle me, gee.

Why, she 's just a rag dolly

With sea dolphin's tail ;

And I 'm sure we could find her

At once, without fail

When we go for a row or we go for a sail,

For this is the song that she sings, sings she :

O, wiggle me, waggle me, wee, wee, wee,

O, jiggle me, joggle me, gee.

If you lose your rag dolly

Or pull out her hair,

She 'll become a Ragdolphin

Before you 're aware.

Now would n't that be a most awful affair?

For this is the song that she sings, sings she :

O, wiggle me, waggle me, wee, wee, wee,

O, jiggle me, joggle me, gee.

QUEER WEATHER

There! it's raining.

Dear me, suzz!

Queerest weather

Ever was.

Not five minutes

Since 't was clear,

Clear as crystal,

Now, see here

Raining fearful.

Look at that,

Right upon my

Sunday hat!

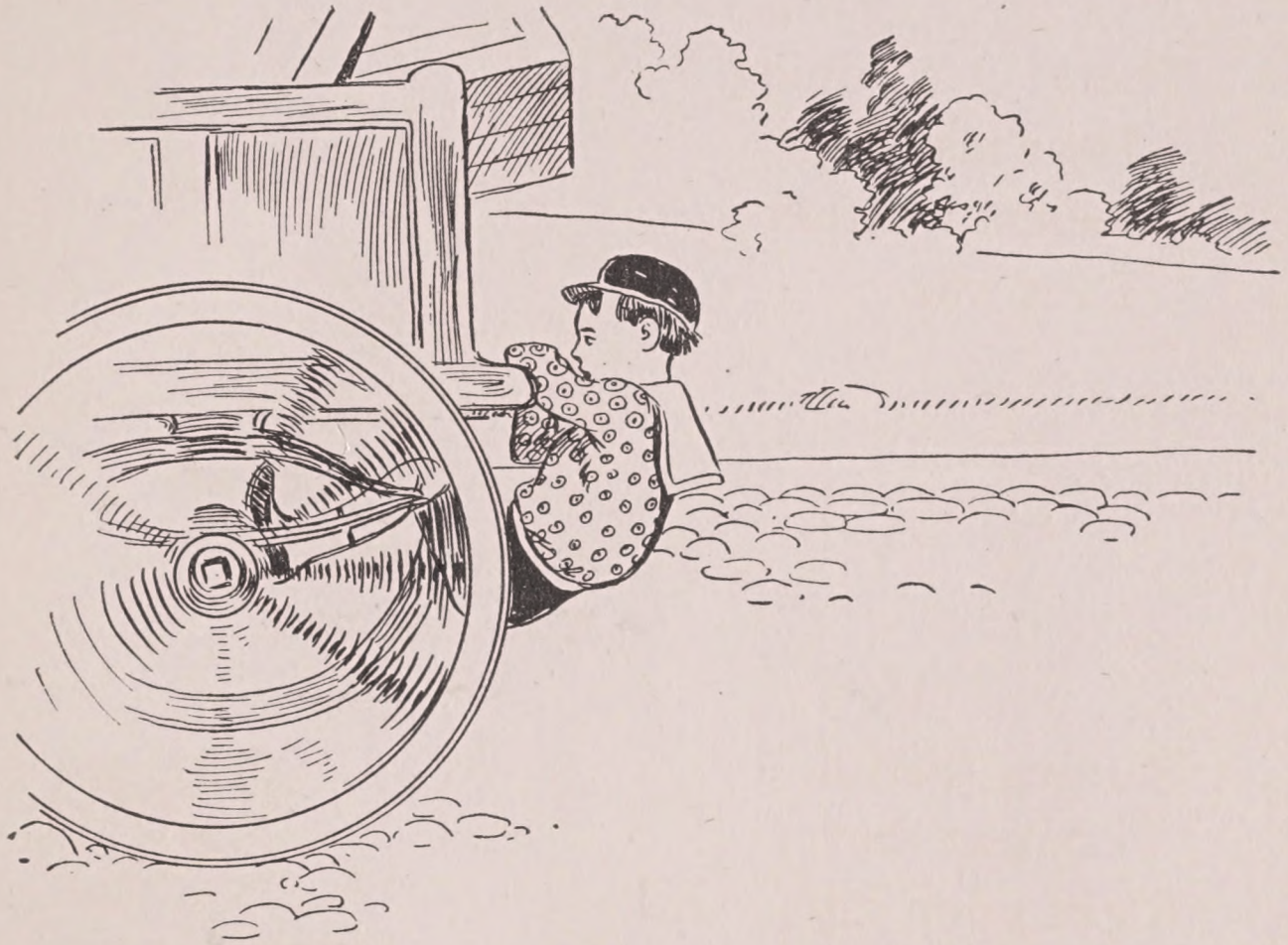
Mean, that things so

Change about

Every time I

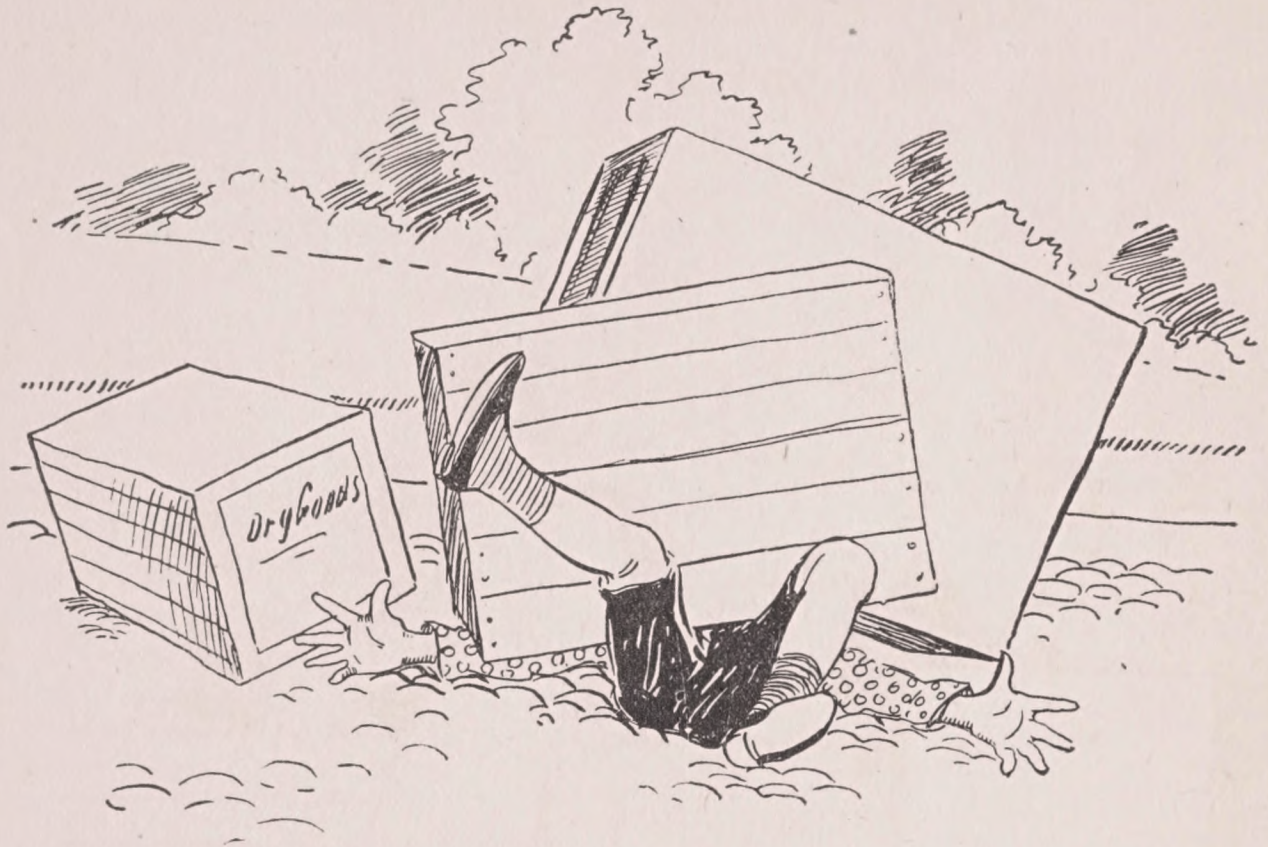
Wear it out!





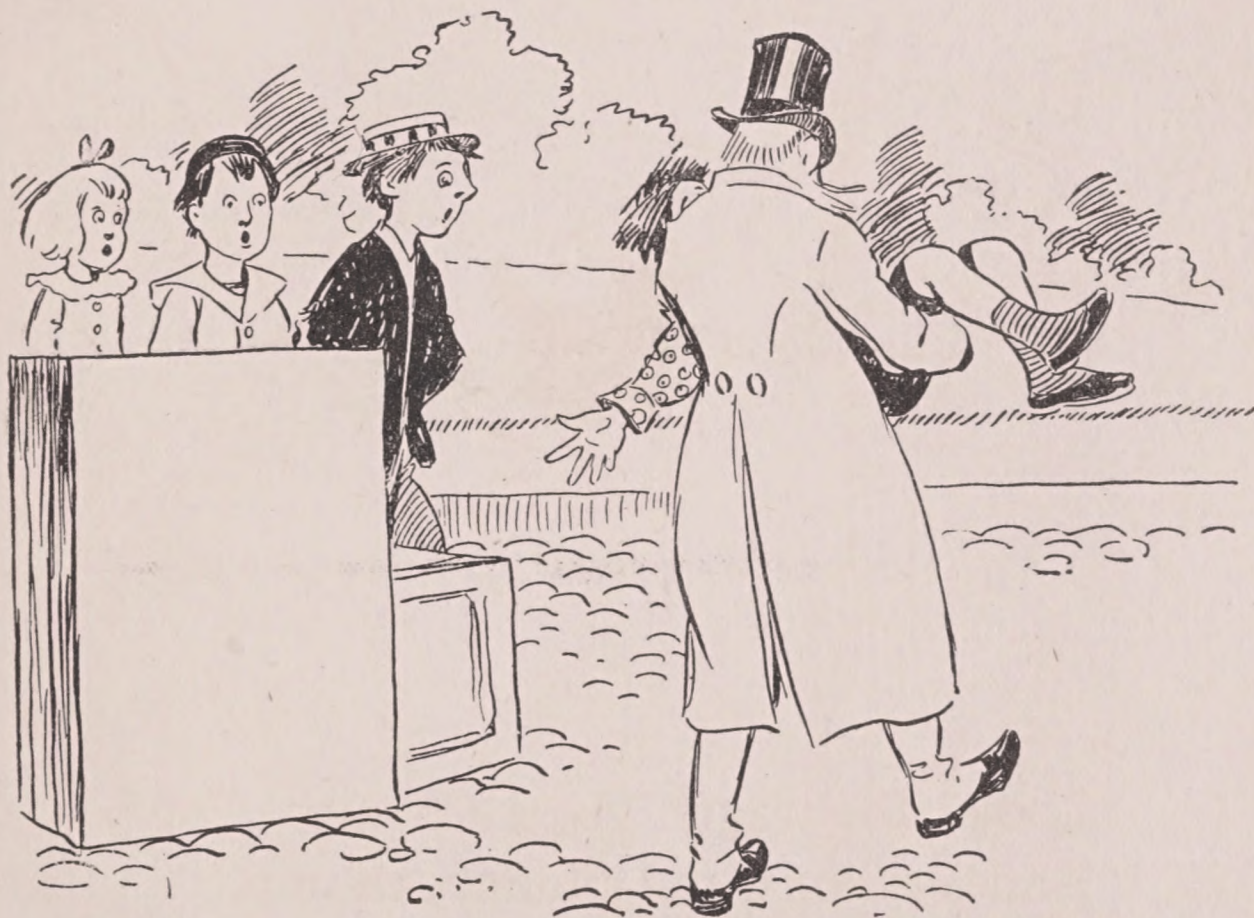
WILLIE WOULDN'T MIND

This is Willie Wouldn't Mind.
See him hanging on behind
That big wagon passing by;
How they fly!



Look! the wagon gives a bump,
And big boxes fall, thump, thump,
On poor Willie's curly head;
Is he dead?

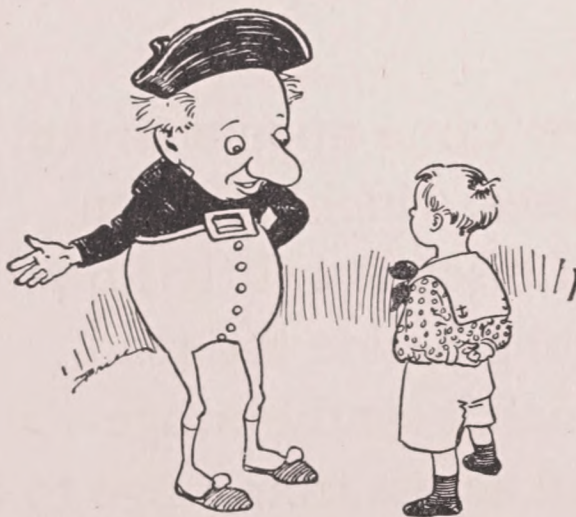
Well, a doctor going by
Took poor Willie home to die;
And his parents cry and cry,
My, oh! my!



FOOZLE-DOOZLE JOURNEYS

(Kindness of the Edgewood Publishing Co.)

Little Teddy Hathaway
Studied lessons night and day
Digging out the mystery of his natural history.
Suddenly one evening, just as he felt sleepest,
There before his very eyes
Blinked a Fozzle-Doozle wise.
“Hello, Teddy!” Fozzle said,
“Now I’m sure you never read
Of a Fozzle-Doozle, no, even though you study so ;
Well, my laddie, never mind, you will find me very
kind ;
Would you like to take a trip
Through the woods of Kippernip,



Where unnatural things are sent?"

"Yes," said Teddy; so they went.

When they reached the Wizard Wood

There a big Tim-Fooler stood

Clinging to a monster tree,

Tapping at it lustily

"What you doing up there, Tim?"

Foozle-Doozle said to him.

"Oh," said Tim, "I'm making three
Artificial limbs, you see."

Then, without another word,

He commenced upon the third.

"My," said Teddy, "is that Tim's
Occupation, making limbs?"

"Yes," the Foozle-Doozle said,

"That's his only business, Ted."

Now they came upon a stream

Of molasses, which between

Banks of biscuits swiftly flowed

Right along beside the road,

Over which a candy bridge

Stretched across from ridge to ridge,

Where a grinning Goo-Goo sat
Shelling peanuts in his hat
Till the hat was full, when lo,
Dumped them in the stream below.
“Look!” the Foozle-Doozle cried,
Calling Teddy to his side,
“Peanut taffy starts right here.”
“My,” said Teddy, “ain’t that queer.”

Crossing Candy Bridge, they went
To a field of some extent.
Here they found some funny flowers
Growing just like some of ours,
Only every bud was bobbing,
Kicking, moving, shaking, throbbing.
“What are these?” said Teddy, shrinking,
“They are very odd, I’m thinking.”
“Yes,” the Foozle-Doozle said,
“That’s a green grass-hopper bed;
Those upon the left expanse—
Hop-toad vines and bird-egg plants.”
“Oh,” said Teddy, “my, I say,
I never knew they grew that way.”
“Yes, indeed,” his friend replied,
“Even centipedes beside.”

Going on, they climbed a hill
Smooth and round as any pill.
All the rocks were fruits and cakes.
Teddy said, "For pity sakes."
"Yes," said Foozle-Doozle, "these
Spoons grow too, instead of trees;
This is Ice Cream Hill, you know."
"My!" said Teddy, "is that so?
I should like to try a bit."
Thereupon they tackled it.

"Now," the Foozle-Doozle said,
Turning tearfully to Ted,
"We have had a pleasant trip
Through the woods of Kippernip,
And I trust you learned a lot
More than schooling ever taught."
"Yes," said Teddy, "won't they stare
When I tell them over there
At the school-house what we saw,
Won't there be a great hurrah?"

"But," the Foozle-Doozle sighed,
"Here is where our paths divide."

Then he vanished in the night.
Teddy watched him out of sight
In a zephyr blue and slim.
That's the last he saw of him.





Mrs. Mousie went to market
With her basket on her arm,
On a dewy summer morning,
Never thinking once of harm,

When, pop! came a Weasel.
Now, then, what you think of that?
With velvet coat and trimmings
And a feather in his hat.

“Ho, Mistress Mousie!”
Said the Weasel; “my, how sweet

You look this summer morning,
Really sweet enough to eat."

"Oh, thank you, Master Weasel!"
Said the timid Mrs. Mousie ;

"You, also, look quite killing
In your velvet coat and blouse.

"But I must be off to market,
Or I'll miss the bread and cheese."

"Then I'll help you," said the Weasel,
"With your basket, if you please."

Mrs. Mousie was so frightened
While a-walking by his side
That she couldn't help but notice
That he looked quite hungry-eyed.

"There's the market, Master Weasel,
On that bit of mossy ground.

So good morning; hope I'll see you
When again you come around."

"Not so fast there, Mistress Mousie ;
I shall get your cheese and bread,
And safely see you home again,"
The gallant Weasel said.

But hi, ho! when he entered,
The market door went snap!
And foolish Master Weasel
Found him fastened in a trap.

Thus, clever Mrs. Mousie
Saved her pretty little head,
And silly Master Weasel
Lost his wicked one instead.



THE VENTURESOME PUPS



Fuzz and Fluff were tiny pups,
Soft as butter and round as cups;
Fuzz was black and Fluff was white,
Both had noses dark as night.

“Ho!” said Fluff, “I’m off to find
A rat or mouse of some fierce kind;
And if I see a wolf or owl,
Or cat or weasel, then I’ll growl.”

“Good!” said Fuzz, “and I’ll go, too,
And bark and jump and growl like you;
No animal in all the place
Would dare to meet us face to face.”

Then off they went, these woolly balls,
Through the nursery, ’cross the halls,
Brave and fearless. Listen, hark!
Something moving in the dark.

Fuzz and Fluff were scared to death,
Didn’t dare to draw their breath;
Back they flew like streaks of light
Into their basket, out of sight.

“My!” said Fluff, “now, what was that,
An elephant or tiger cat?”

“I’m sure,” said Fuzz, “I couldn’t say,
But home’s the best place, anyway!”





THE BUGS' REVENGE

“When I grow up,” said Willie Bewise,
“I think that I shall be
A noted ent-o-mol-o-gist,
Exalting my fam-i-ly.”

So he commenced with implements,
Including the pins and net;
For never an ent-o-mol-o-gist
Had done without them yet.

From early morning till late at night
He ran and crept and dug,
Returning at night, his knapsack filled
With every kind of bug.

Comprising the beetle, the lantern-fly,
Can-thar-is, the flea,
The gooseberry worm, the bottle-fly,
The soldier-bug and bee.

He stuck them up on the wall, he did,
With pins right through their backs;
Putting in cases the fragile-winged,
Others he placed in racks.

Then smiling, he viewed that bright array
Before to bed he went,
Though nary a wink of sleep got he,
His mind so bug intent.

He tried to doze, but vain attempt,
It wouldn't succeed at all,
For all at once the pins dropped out
And the bugs crawled down the wall.



Willie Bewise's poor
eyes popped out,
His blood froze at
the thought
Of the silent horde of punctured things
Creeping around his cot.

Then lo! behold, as quick as a wink
They swarmed upon the bed,
While Willie Bewise had scarcely time
To hide his throbbing head.

They tackled him through the counterpane,
They pinched him through his gown;
Procuring a pin they spitted him,
Which firmly held him down.

The soldier-bug then said to the bee;
"I can't remember when
I've seen such a rara avis,
Or such a fine spec-i-men."

This set the other bugs wild with mirth,
They held their sides for joy,
As they wandered 'round and 'round the bed,
Viewing the struggling boy.

The squirming ent-o-mol-o-gist did
Nothing but plead and groan,
Vowing he 'd leave all butterflies
And other poor bugs alone.

The lantern-fly then said to the bee:
"All right; we'll take his word."
So, loosing the pin, they all crept down
So soft that none was heard.

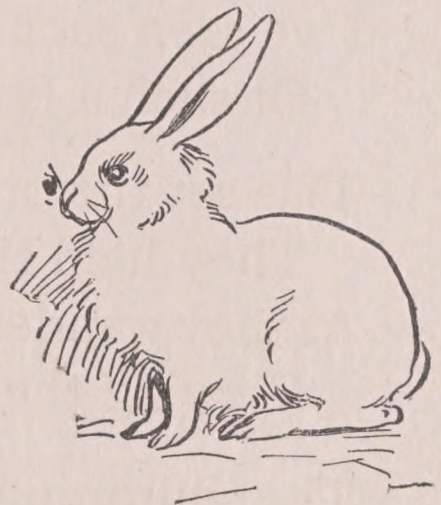
The sun was up four hours or more
When Willie woke up to find
A doctor standing by his bed
And mother just behind.

The doctor smiled and said, said he,
"He's overstrained, that's all."
Then Willie Bewise was glad to find
The bugs still on the wall.



THE FAMILY

Two pink eyes that sparkle
bright,
Thick soft hair of purest
white,
Long pink ears, no tail in
sight;



Bunny.



Soft black fur and eyes green-
gray,
Sees as well by night as day,
Little claws that scratch at
play;

Kitty.

Round flat ears and two pink eyes,
A long pink tail just twice his size,
A sharp pink nose and claws like-
wise ;



Mousie.



Short white hair, coal-black
nose,
Barks and growls, tears your
clothes,
Wags his tail at those he
knows ;

Doggy.

Two round eyes of azure blue,
Two red lips as fresh as dew,
Golden curls and pink ears,
too ;



Baby.

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